

EPITOGVE.

Wouldst thou knowe howe much the Play
But as it is in the Schoole Boyes cannot say
I am crasse and dull: pray yet say a while
What is the look upon ye: No man smile?
Then it goes hard I see: He that has
Lod a young handsome wench then, how his face
To the wench none be better, and if he will
Against his Conscience let him kiss, and kiss
Our dearest: For in vain I see to say see
What at the wench can come then: No what say ye?
And yet with the wench: I am not bold
He knows me such cause. If he will we have told
(For his no other) and may content ye
(For to that purpose it was meant ye)
We have our end; and he shall have one long
I have say many a better, to prolong
For old loves to us: we and all our might
Rest at your service, Gentlemen, good night.

Floris.

FINIS.

AMORVM
TROILI
ET
CRESEIDÆ

Libri duo priores
Anglico-Latini.

Lat. by Sir F. Kynaston.



OXONIAE,
Excudebat Iohannes Lichfield,
Anno Domini
1635.